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FAVARGER (R.)	"Ballo in Maschera" Fantasia ...	(ditto).
Ditto	"La Vivandière" ...	... (ditto).
Ditto	"Galop de Rigoletto" ...	... (ditto).
Ditto	"Un Ballo in Maschera," Mazurka	(ditto).
GITS (A. G.)	"Souvenir de l'Amblève" ...	... (ditto).
THOMAS (Harold)	"Il Bacio" ...	... (ditto).
VOS (P. De)	"Ballade Orientale" ...	... (ditto).
Ditto	"Il mio Tesoro" ...	... (ditto).
BALFE (M. W.)	"Oh send me back to dreamland" ...	(Vocal).
BEETHOVEN	"Unto thee, O Lord" ...	... (ditto).
BLUMENTHAL (J.)	"Come to thy lattice" ...	... (ditto).
BRIDGES (William)	"Bonnie Scotland" ...	... (ditto).
CROAL (G.)	"To dream of thee" ...	... (ditto).
LINDGREN (George)	"Of thine heart is always fondly dreaming" ...	(ditto).
Ditto	"Only for the" ...	... (ditto).
LEGER (S. J. St.)	"The Angel Mother" ...	... (ditto).
Ditto	"Somebody is waiting for me" ...	... (ditto).
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HOLLOWAY (Dr. A. S.)	"The Queen of Flowers" ...	... (ditto).

## MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 30.

THE event so long looked forward to with keen curiosity, if not with any vast expectations by the musical public of Paris—namely, the production of Glück's *Alceste*—has at last taken place. Your readers, probably much more learned than I in musical history, need only be reminded that this work of the great composer of the last century was the least successful of his productions, and was at first received with a degree of coldness and apathy by the public which excited the indignation of Mozart, then not yet twenty, who was in Paris at the time, and who is reported to have thrown his arms round Glück's neck and to have exclaimed, "Hearts of stone! what will make them feel?" To which the composer replied, "Make yourself easy, my little fellow, in thirty years hence they will do me justice." Long before thirty years had elapsed, however, *Alceste* was considerably better appreciated by the public, but never attained a degree of success equal to that of *Iphigénie*, of *Armide*, or of *Orphée*. Since its first production in 1776, *Alceste* has been various times revived, but it has always been received with very moderate signs of approbation, notwithstanding the great abilities of the singers by whom the chief parts were executed; among whom may be mentioned Mesdames Saint-Huberty and Branchu, and MM. Lainé and Nourrit, father and son. Under these circumstances it was not likely that *Alceste* would very profoundly stir the feelings or excite the admiration of the public, especially in the absence of any artist of commanding abilities and with the principal part transposed from a soprano to a contralto. The reverence which is either felt or affected for the monuments which mark the early development and progress of art now supplies the place of that direct interest which a work must excite to be really and truly successful even on a moderate scale; and perhaps for a time the sensation created by Glück's *Alceste* will not be inferior to the very temperate effect produced by it on the feelings of the audience when the style in which it is written was more familiar or better appreciated. All judges concur in pronouncing Mad. Viardot's performance of *Alceste* a comparative

failure, notwithstanding the frequent bursts of dramatic power and pathos which it displays. The essential characteristic of the part is womanly love, and to its expression the thrilling and impassioned accents of a soprano voice are indispensable. The subject of *Alceste* is already gloomy and monotonous enough, which indeed is in all likelihood the source of its comparative ill-success, and this drawback is naturally increased by this substitution. The part of Admetus, sung by M. Michot, was not altered from the original register, but it required a voice of more volume and expression, and an actor capable of sustaining with greater dignity and effect the dramatic situations. The orchestra proved remarkably efficient, but it was observed that the choruses were not quite so perfect in their execution. Some attribute this to the employment of the new electrical metronome, but this, no doubt, if it be so attributable, arises from a want of practice in the use of the instrument rather than to the failure of the invention. Before I pass from the Grand Opera to notice other theatres, let me not forget to record an accident which befel the charming danseuse, Mlle. Emma Livry, while dancing in the ballet of *Le Papillon*. While standing on the points of her toes her foot slipped, and she fell sideways on the edge of a set-piece. The hurt she received proves more serious than might have been anticipated from her having courageously continued her part to the end. Some very severe contusion of the side, accompanied with laceration of the muscular fibre, was produced by the fall, and she will not be able to appear again for at least a month. A serious deduction this from the attractions of the Imperial Opera.

At the Italian Theatre we have had *Marta* to continue the débuts of Signor Delle Sedie and those of Mad. Volpini, a soprano of whom many speak most favourably. The former artist advances still further in the good graces of the public; and with Mad. Alboni and Signor Mario, in their accustomed parts, M. Flotow's opera altogether fared passing well. Poor Signor Beneventano has given up his engagement. Peace be to his memory!

A new opera-ballet at the Théâtre Lyrique claims a few sentences. It is entitled *Le Neveu de Gulliver*, and is written as to the words by M. Henri Boisseaux; as to the music, by M. de Lajarte. Part of the action of this sort of extravaganza takes place in the moon, which is represented as inhabited entirely by women, whose conduct, therefore, in one score is as irreproachable as should be that of the nymphs of Diana. On the other hand, they are not without their minor vices, of which, indeed, some are, considering their sex, something more, for they include smoking and drinking *absinthe*. Evidently the author has a spite against the entire sex whom he satirises without mercy, except that which he cannot help granting, and which arises from the harmlessness of his weapons. The music which the young composer already named has furnished for this subject is easy, and, if not betokening much invention, yet shows him a tolerable master of the rules of his art.

I have to announce the establishment of a new musical enterprise in imitation of the Monday Popular Concerts so successfully started and carried out by Mr. Arthur Chappell, in London. M. Pasdeloup is the inaugurator, and calls his affair *Concerts Populaires de Musique Classique*. The French always pretend, and, I believe, fancy sincerely that they are a more essentially and truly musical nation than we, and profess instinctively the power of distinguishing and appreciating the highest and most refined works of art. The success, or otherwise of M. Pasdeloup's enterprise will afford a sure index of the truth or falsehood of this widespread notion. If it is found that the mass of the public do not flock to these concerts, supposing they are conducted even half as well as those of Mr. A. Chappell, with the same eagerness that they assemble round M. Misson, let us never more hear of the exquisite and elevated taste of the French as compared to the barbarous idolatry of the English for well-puffed names and exorbitant pretensions. We have a mob with the tastes of a mob, no doubt, but we have also a people whose knowledge and sound principles of taste have rendered the term "popular music" no longer the antithesis of "classical" and "sound." Talking about popular music, I am sorry to hear that there is a split in the camp of the Orpheonists, owing to some difference between M. Vaudin, one of the chiefs of the organisation, and M. Delaporte, who went to London with the French choral societies, and is the real head and soul

of the movement. At the last meeting of the Orpheonists of France only 4000 instead of 8000 singers assembled, half being withdrawn by the effects of this regrettable schism.

I can favour you with some details not perhaps altogether known to your readers respecting the musical performances on the occasion of the coronation of the king of Prussia. First and foremost as to the march composed expressly for this national solemnity by Meyerbeer. It was first struck up at the moment the royal *cortège*, issuing from their majesty's apartment, appeared upon the platform. The military bands to whom its execution was assigned were placed, one portion on the terrace which forms the roof of the Schloss, and the other in the grand court. The largeness of style, dramatic power, and all the other striking and brilliant qualities of the *maestro*, are said to shine in this work as conspicuously as in his most celebrated productions, and the effect of these grand and inspiring flourishes striking the air high above the heads of the auditors and filling it with harmonious sounds, was indescribably impressive. When the *cortège* re-appeared on its return upon the gallery erected across the court-yard, the strains of Meyerbeer's march again burst forth. In the evening the royal guests were assembled in the Muscovite hall to listen to a concert in which the most distinguished artists of Berlin took part. More than two thousand persons were present at this entertainment, the programme of which was as follows:—1st. Overture to *Egmont* (Beethoven); 2nd. Chorus from *Judas Maccabeus* (Handel); 3rd. "Ave verum" (Mozart), sung by the cathedral choir; 4th. Grand scena from *Orpheus* (Glück) sung by Mad. Wagner; 5. Overture to *Struensee* (Meyerbeer); 6th. Psalm by Kreutzer, "It is the Lord's day;" 7th. March of Priests from *Athalie* (Mendelssohn); 8th. Coronation Psalm (Handel). The orchestra was presided over by M. Taubert, in the absence of Meyerbeer, who, all your readers will regret to hear, if they have not already heard, is confined at home in Berlin. A swelling of the legs is the chief symptom of his illness, but from what cause does not transpire. That there is nothing serious in his ailment, and that the skill of the German physicians will speedily overcome it, must be the sincere wish of all, whether the great composer is known to them only through his works, or they have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with his many amiable and distinguished qualities as a man. While the guests of the King of Prussia were sojourning at Königsberg, the *Huguenots* and the *Zauberflöte* were performed at the theatre; and on the grand night, when their Majesties the King and Queen attended in state, the new opera by the composer of *Martha* was executed, the title of which is—being translated—*The Miller of Merau*. The house, it is needless to say, was completely crammed, and the audience honoured M. Flotow's work with numerous bursts of applause. In Berlin, on the day of the coronation, the German Opera produced Glück's *Armide*, and on the day of the King's entry into the city, after his solemn investiture with the emblems of royalty, Spontini's opera *Nurmahal* was performed. This work, which has been long a stock piece, was selected for this occasion on account not only of the great beauties it contains, but of the amount of pomp and show in the scenery and *mise en scène* of which it admits. It is interesting to relate that the widow of the composer was present on this occasion.

A curious specimen of Eastern letter-writing has gone the round of the Paris papers in the shape of an epistle from the renowned Arab chieftain, and erewhile fierce enemy of France, Emir Abd-el-Kader. Mad. Clementine Battu having sent one of her last compositions to the old lion of the desert—who from the fact we must suppose to be, if not a connoisseur, patron of the musical art, and in so far unlike the Moorish general of Shakspeare, who cared not greatly for "music that may be heard"—received this characteristic reply:—

"Praise be to God,—

"Dear and excellent Lady Clementina Battu, hail to you! After inquiring after your precious health, we will inform you that we felt a very great joy at what you have been kind enough to write to us. We have tasted the delights of your words, and enjoyed the happiness bestowed by the music which accompanies them. It has certainly been very grievous to behold the violent deeds committed in Syria against the weak. What we did to succour the oppressed was not prompted by any ambitious thought; we only listened to our hearts.

"Like as the horse and the wild ass, when the spring time cometh,

and the flowers of the field appear, bound over the meadows, urged on by their natural instinct, so he, in what he has done, obeyed only the impulses of his nature.

"Signed, ABD-EL-KADER-BEN-MOHYY-EDDIN-EL-HADJI."

*Written in the month of Rebyâ-bamel, in the year of the Hegira 1278.*

Another distinguished personage has been also writing a letter which has found its way into print, to wit, the venerable Rossini, the illustrious victim of the shallow-pated anecdote-mongers of Paris, who fob off their witless inanities as the flashes of the still clear and brilliant intellect of the Italian maestro; and it is only when he commits himself to paper, that we are assured it is the veritable voice of the lion, and not a jackass braying in the wilderness. They hardly dare append his signature to one of their counterfeit coinages. Here is the letter in question, which relates to the performance of Rossini's latest composition, mentioned a week or two past, and which is to be played by the Société des Concerts, at a concert for the benefit of the fund to erect a monument to Cherubini. If anything was requisite to prove that almost all the vapid *mots* which the penny-a-liners of Paris have put off for Rossinian *esprit*, it would be the graceful, neat, and *enjoué* epistle here following:—

"Rossini to M. Alphonse Royer, Director of the Opera.

"Sir and Friend,

"In consequence of a request preferred by me to the Committee of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Musique, I have just obtained the favour of having a little vocal piece of my composition executed at a concert which is to be given by the aforesaid Society for the erection of a monument in honour and to the memory of the learned and celebrated Cherubini.

"I have composed my piece for four bass voices (*de haute taille*), in unison. Its title is "*Le Chant des Titans*," and for its execution I must have four lusty fellows (*quatre gaillards*). I claim them of you, who are their fortunate manager. Here are the names:—

BELVAL	}	a perfetta vicenda (in perfect equality of rank).
CAZAX		
FAURE		

ORINS

"As you perceive I have noted them down in alphabetical order by way of proving to you that I have not forgotten *le conveniente teatrali*.

"Will you, my dear M. Royer, grant me one more token of your sympathy, by becoming my interpreter with these gentlemen, and praying them in my name to lend me their assistance for the execution of my *Chant de Titans*, in which, *never fear*, there is not the smallest *roulade*, nor chromatic scale, nor trill, nor arpeggio. It is a simple chant of a titanic and in a slight degree infuriated rhythm. Just one little rehearsal with me and the matter will be settled.

"Did my health permit it, I should with pleasure, as was my duty, have called on your valiant artists to request the favour which is the object of my ambition. Alas, my dear friend, my legs tremble as much as my heart bounds, and that heart yearns forward to certify all its lively gratitude; it guides my hand to repeat to you the sentiments of the highest esteem and the sincere friendship of your affectionate

"GIOACHINO ROSSINI.

"Paris, 15th Oct. 1861. Pianist of the fourth rank."

You will be glad to hear that Meyerbeer is quite restored, and has presided at some state performances during the late festivities at Berlin. I do not know whether you will be sorry to the same extent to learn that Signor Mario has again been prevented from singing and acting by indisposition. I should say not, seeing that the frequency of the occurrence in the latter case rather dulls the edge of one's sympathy; and, moreover, the super-sensual region generally affected by this so frequently recurrent disorder of the great tenor is so mysterious to the perceptions of ordinary mortals, that we are at a loss to know what degree of suffering is attached to its disorder. Homeopathy is the favourite medical system of these great artists, and highly infinitesimal pilules seem to be the remedy best adapted to cure their usually imperceptible complaints. You will be both glad and sorry—to continue harping on the same string—to know that Ernst, the celebrated violinist, is sojourning at Vienna in a state of feeble health, but that, nevertheless, he has composed an operetta, which either has been already played, or will shortly be produced at Baden-Baden.

Mad. Gaveaux Sabatier, the *fauvette des salons*, whose sweet and delicate warbling during the brilliant season she spent in London we all remember so well, has established now for some years a school of singing, which is the occasion of giving a series of musi-

cal *matinées* during the winter, at which the talents of her pupils are produced and exercised. These entertainments have again commenced, and form a source of attraction not only to the friends of the pupils whom it brings forward, but to amateurs, who find in the fruits of Mad. Gaveaux's excellent and enlightened training, she being herself a pupil of Mad. Cinti Damoreau, much to gratify the most exacting taste.

We have all been taken in by a vile *canard* from the Bosphorus announcing that Abdul-Aziz, the present Sultan of Turkey, was an enemy to art, and had barbarously converted the splendid theatre built by his predecessor, Abdul-Medjid, into a foundry for cannon. No fouler falsehood was ever croaked forth from the bill of a *canard*, the fact being exactly the reverse; and we hasten to re-establish the vilified reputation of the present Sultan in the eyes of the civilised world by announcing that he has not turned the fine Theatre of Dolma Bagche into a place for casting pieces of cannon, but has retained it for its proper employment, the casting of other pieces less deadly though sometimes quite as offensive, the only changes he has made in the edifice being to add to its external and internal beauty by additional embellishments. Allah preserve the Sultan and save him from evil tongues and ducks that lie in their bills!

There is, and has been at present, a galaxy almost unexampled of talent, employed and unemployed, and reputations well or ill founded. First of all his Majesty, the King of the Netherlands, has been here, and visited all the theatres, especially the Italian and Imperial Operas, for he too is a composer, "*et tu Brute!*" and, as merit in art mostly diminishes with rank, he should produce more hideous rubbish than Poniatowski, if indeed that is possible. It reminds one of the old riddle, "What makes more noise than a pig at a gate?" The answer is, "two." So, if it were asked what makes a more unpleasant row than a Prince who composes, the answer apt would be a reigning monarch who does the same. But to go on with the people who are now in Paris. Mlle. Jetty Treffz for one is here, and, pardon the abrupt transition, M. Fétils. Then we have Mad. Frezzolini and Mad. Kennet, daughter of little Kenneth (not "Kennet"), erst of the corner of Bow Street, now of nowhere that I know, nor any corner that I can guess, unless it be "Amen" Corner, for he must be gathered *ad patres*, among the other "Patricks," his forefathers. Signor Ciampi, too, lately so successful with Mr. Willert Beale's locomotive troupe, in which he was associated with Mlle. Tietjens, Signors Giuglini and Delle Sedie, and did not disgrace his company, is also here. *Per il momento addio, caro Redattore.*

AIGRE DOUX.

#### MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A RATHER severe illness, followed by a somewhat protracted absence from the banks of the Spree, has prevented my writing to you lately with that regularity which is so desirable in gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, but which, if the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth must be told, is also a quality for which they are not always pre-eminently distinguished. The readers of the *MUSICAL WORLD* have not, however, lost much, in the way of news, through my involuntary silence. There has not been a great deal doing worthy of note in matters musical, though at present things are looking up considerably. That which has excited the greatest interest among musical people was, strange to say, an unusual event. But then there was a reason for this. The unmusical event was the first appearance in a spoken drama of a lady who was once one of the most popular dramatic singers in Germany, and this lady's name is Mad. Wagner-Jachmann. Not only was the excitement tremendous among the educated classes, who looked at the matter from an artistic point of view, but it was absolutely indescribable among those worthy financiers who derive the greater portion of their income from purchasing orders for the various theatres, and then disposing of them at a slightly or otherwise advanced price. Candour compels me to state that, on the occasion to which I am referring, the prices were "otherwise" advanced. The tickets for Göthe's *Iphigenia* were sought after with almost as much avidity and disregard of expense as the once famous shares in the South Sea bubble, or in some of the equally delusive railway schemes of more modern times. The staid and careful Berliners appeared, for the nonce,

to have thrown off their usual gravity and timid economy. The last pit-ticket was disposed of, shortly before half-past six, for five thalers, and the purchaser was only too happy to get it at the price.

But to come to the *début* itself. It was perfectly successful. The incipient *tragédienne* played the part of Iphigenia with such certainty and finish, that I saw but few things to censure, while, on the other hand, I rejoiced to find that the drama had gained one talented exponent the more. The next piece in which she is announced to appear is Schiller's *Maria Stuart*.

Although Prussia refuses to acknowledge Italy as a great kingdom politically, it is quite ready to do so musically. Italian opera appears to be now quite a permanent institution for several months every year in Berlin. The present season has commenced some little time, and, to judge from appearances, will prove a prosperous one. Signora Trebelli, who is a great favourite, made a most decided hit as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. Every one was enchanted with her, as far, at least, as voice and singing went. Her acting does not meet with similar approbation. She is accused, and not unjustly, of being deficient in expression and vivacity. Signor Zucchi, who possesses a pleasing and well-trained voice, supported the part of Figaro with a great deal of talent, while Signor Agnesi was excellent in the small rôle of Basilio. The *habitués* of the opera say that they never remember the character having been so delicately given with such a true Italian flavour, and so completely free from exaggeration by any other artist on the Berlin boards. The remaining parts were given in anything but first-rate style.

The second opera was Verdi's *Trovatore*. The part of the Count di Luna was well sung and well played by Signor Squarcia, who possesses a sonorous and highly cultivated voice. The Manrico of the evening was Signor Pancani, who, it strikes me, is not destined to set the Spree on fire. However, before I pronounce a final judgment on his merits or failings, I must hear him again.

The sisters Marchisio are great favourites. One of the "big-wigs" of Berlin criticism speaks of them as follows:—"The sisters Marchisio excited the greatest interest among all true lovers of art, even in Verdi's *Trovatore*, and still more in Rossini's *Semiramide*. It was, undoubtedly, a laudable act of compliance with the wishes of the Berlin public for Signor Merelli to bring Signora Trebelli once more forward, but we think he has not consulted the interests either of this young lady or of his own pocket by engaging Signora Barbara Marchisio, who, both by her natural powers and by her training, lays claim to the same parts as Signora Trebelli. Can the Spirit of the Age, with its love of competition, have played the manager this trick? Signora Barbara is not inferior to her rival in vocal power, while, for soul-like quality, her voice is indisputably superior to that of any singer that we ever heard since the time of Pasta and Viardot (in their youth). Not only does it possess abstract beauty, but we hear the sorrows and joys which agitate the human breast incessantly at work in it; it is a most sensitive voice, one in which the slightest emotion of the soul re-vibrates. It was only the horrible character of the part she played, namely, Azucena, which counteracted the impression which the combination of Signora Barbara's passionate singing and acting produced upon the spectators. The ear yearned incessantly for some gentle, elevated melody, worthy of such a female-voice, for this is another great point of difference between Signora Barbara Marchisio and Signora Trebelli. In the first we have all the luxuriance of Italian voices; the organ of the latter lady does not swell forth with such an absence of restraint, and such an amount of self-sacrifice. For this reason it will, undoubtedly, still flourish, when Signora Barbara's magnificent voice shall long have been a thing of the past.

Signora Carlotta Marchisio, also, possesses a very beautiful voice, although not equally ready to pourtray the passions. She appears to possess a less excitable artistic nature, and to have devoted most of her studies to the development of her powers as a *virtuosa*. The volume of sound is excelled in the *forte* by her sister, but, when the stream of melody flows with greater calmness, the voices of the two sisters become so like, that they might be mistaken for each other. The duets in the opera of *Semiramide* are alone a sufficient justification of this remark. The perfection which distinguished the execution of them reminded us of the playing of the elder Müller brothers; of the French Beethoven quartet; and of the flautists, the brothers Doppler. Only

two sisters, who are inseparable, and devote their whole life to vocal study, could sing duets with such correctness and intensity of feeling. It was with justice that musical judges in Paris—we we do not mean only those who lead opinion by means of the press there—considered these two young ladies superior in this respect to any one else. Among the scanty audience present at their appearance, people would keep tormenting themselves with the question: ‘Who sings the part of Arsace the better: Signora Trebelli or Signora Barbara?’ ‘Each sings it best!’ we would reply, taking into consideration the great merits of both fair artists. We can only regret a state of things which compels them to share five or six parts of the Italian repertory between them, and thus increase the ‘used-up-ishness’ of our *Italianissimi*.’

VALE.

## MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S “RUY BLAS.”

(From “The Times” of Tuesday, Oct. 29th.)

THREE more performances of *Ruy Blas* have helped to confirm the good opinion derived from a first hearing, and briefly recorded at the time. Some curtailments have been made which might not have been found requisite but for a *lever de rideau* in the shape of the one-act operetta called the *Marriage of Georgette*, with the merits of which our readers are acquainted, and which, since the opening night, has been added to the attractions of the bill. By this means we are deprived of a remarkably clever trio and two of the prettiest songs in the opera, as well as a considerable portion of the second finale, and of the duet between the Queen and Ruy Blas upon which the curtain falls. The trio occurs in an essentially dramatic situation—that where Don Sallust has overheard Ruy Blas confess to Don Cesar de Bazan his secret passion for the Queen, and could therefore ill be dispensed with. The first song—“Tis sweet to roam on summer night”—an aria for Casilda, the chief maid of honour, besides being pleasing and full of character, afforded the only opportunity of display for that deserving favourite, Miss Thirlwall; while the second—“Home of my youth”—for the Queen, a try charming ballad, charmingly rendered by Miss Louisa Pyne, was certainly a fairer specimen of its composer's inventive powers than its luckier companion—“A sympathising heart”—which, notwithstanding the applause it evokes, and the drawing-room popularity it is tolerably safe to win, has no pretensions whatever to novelty. As Mr. Howard Glover's music is throughout written with evident purpose, and falls into a clear and consistent plan, it is to be hoped that on some favourable opportunity the more important passages now omitted may be restored to their proper place in the opera.

The original French piece has been considerably abridged in order to bring it within the conditions of an operatic “libretto”; nevertheless, it still remains too much of a drama *per se* to meet advantageously the legitimate ends of an entertainment in which music is intended to be the principal medium of expression. There is a superabundance of dialogue; and, although Mr. Harrison delivers all he has to speak with invariably judgment and well-studied emphasis—like an actor, in short, rather than an ordinary singer—much more is set down for him than was indispensable to the satisfactory development of so familiar a plot. This is possibly the only fault with which Mr. Glover's libretto can fairly be taxed. Such deviations from M. Hugo as appear are justified, for the most part, alike by precedent and strict taste; the introduction of a new character, Oscar (why must an operatic page, as a matter of necessity be styled “Oscar?”) is of palpable service to the musical design; and the words of the songs, while neat and unpretending, are wholly free from the obscurity on one hand, and the lack-a-daisical “fine writing” on the other, by which so many of our modern English operatic books are distinguished. The catastrophe, it is true, might be improved; for what was looked upon as “dangerous,” when portrayed by such practised comedians as M. Fechter and Mr. Walter Lacy, was likely to run even graver risks at the hands of mere lyric histrions, however gifted in their own especial department. As it is here contrived, Ruy Blas, after receiving his death-wound from Don Sallust, has a very long duet to go through with the Queen, which, however interesting and exciting in a musical sense, cannot but lose a great deal by the striking improbability of the situation; whereas, if he were to take poison when he has despatched his adversary, the slow process of dissolution might be conveyed without shocking the prejudices of the most habitual frequenters of the opera, who have been taught by the example of Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia* (to quote a single precedent) that poison is a long time in taking effect upon the vocal resources of a tenor. We are confident that Mr. Santley—who sings the music of Don Sallust so splendidly, and whose stage deportment and delivery have manifestly improved—would be all the better at ease for being dismissed out of hand, and thus spared the awkward alternative of

dodging Ruy Blas round the interposing figure of the Queen, whom, in his supposed capacity of ex-Prime Minister, he has so ruthlessly degraded and trepanned. Victor Hugo is not Shakespeare, nor is *Ruy Blas* the finest play of Victor Hugo; but unless the melodramatic incidents of the French dramatist can be improved by modification, it is as well to adhere to them literally—even where a libretto for music is in request.

One of the causes why Mr. Howard Glover's opera attracts, and is likely to attract more and more the oftener it is heard, may be traced to an absence of conventionality which endows the music with a certain freshness both grateful and pleasing. Like some of the most prolific of his compatriots, he falls, here and there, into a style of melodic phrasology which, through long acceptance, has become hackneyed—a marked instance of this being exhibited in the so-much admired ballad of “A sympathising heart,” which will probably find an echo in every heart that has not been taught to sympathise with more finished models; but such occasional derelictions from the high standard of independence are merely exceptions to the general rule. Take, for instance, the least ambitious “numbers” in the score—the ballads (bearing in mind the one we have thought fit to condemn to the *index expurgatorius*); these, in the majority of cases, are not alone intrinsically beautiful, but new in form as well as in idea. “Beside her lattice every night,” where Ruy Blas narrates to Don Cesar the incident of the flowers; “Holy Mother! Virgin mild!” the Queen's appeal to Heaven at the end of her soliloquy to the bouquet and letter, which she has received from her unknown admirer; and “Could life's dark scene be changed for me!” her response to the declaration of Ruy Blas, at the interview in the Council Chamber, are all three felicitous examples of graceful melody combined with well wrought-out expression—the last, indeed, a perfect gem. Then, for “characteristic” pieces, the omitted aria of Casilda, already mentioned, and the song of the Duchess of Alberquerque, “Where a husband's eye must fail,” may both be cited as excellent in their way—the first as a romance of sentiment (true sentiment, we mean, not bathos); the last, in spite of a slight resemblance, at the commencement, to Bertha's quaint song in the *Barbiere*, as a genuine comic air, both devoid of any touch of common-place and both eminently pretty. “Never on earth we meet again,” the song of Ruy Blas in the fourth act, though not a match for the specimens adduced, is a sufficiently tuneful ballad of the more everyday pattern. In all, it should be added, scholar-like accompaniments, seldom if ever over-laboured, and careful orchestral colouring—occasionally new, always effective and well balanced—form appropriate aids to the expression. But to have done with the smaller pieces, the part-song for female voices at the opening of Act II, “We have wandered through the gardens”—is as fresh and sparkling as could be wished, sining only on the side of extreme conciseness. We are not quite sure, by the way, whether this part song would not sound better in a lower key; at any rate, it is worth reconsideration. The more elaborate airs—or “scenas,” to use the recognised vocabulary—are of unequal merit. That of Don Sallust, “My heart with rage is swelling,” opens very impressively, with a fine declamatory movement, to which the succeeding *allegro*—“Vengeance, vengeance!”—although clever and spirited, is hardly a satisfying climax. The “scena” allotted to Ruy Blas in the first act—“Ambition's early golden dreams had flown”—has at least the merit of exclusive originality of shape; but this originality is carried out to such an extent as in some degree almost to warrant the charge of shapelessness. It is, no doubt, interesting from beginning to end, while the plaintive and the picturesquely instrumented introduction, a quotation from the overture—to say nothing of one or two other essentially melodic phrases—would plead eloquently in its favour against any reasonable discharge of critical argument. As good as most of the vocal solos that have been named, perhaps, and for uncommon treatment in the orchestral accompaniments superior to any, is the very first piece allotted to the Queen—“In the stillness of night”—where the Royal victim of political expediency describes the terror and aversion with which the idea of Don Sallust at all times inspires her. Here the fiddles “muted” have to execute florid passages, as in the overture to *Dinorah*. This, however, is the only thing it possesses in common with Meyerbeer's work. Mr. Glover has apparently aimed at producing a sort of romance in the manner of Schubert—undisputed king of romance composers; and if so he has succeeded—without, let it be understood, being indebted to Schubert for a solitary phrase, or even the fragment of a phrase. The Queen's “scena” may be presumed to comprise a prayer (“Holy mother,” &c.), the reading of the letter, and the florid air, “Why then for such loving care,” which would thus officiate in the place of what Italian musicians term the “cabaletta.” This “cabaletta,” however, if for such it can be accepted, beyond the medium it provides for the exhibition of Miss Louisa Pyne's wonderful facility as an executant of rapid florid passages in the higher regions of the vocal scale, and a certain piquant fluency, which is never in effective,

contains little that is musically interesting. Coming, too, directly after the impressive and beautiful prayer, it sounds altogether out of place, and by no means presents a true idea of the revulsion of feeling which leads the Queen from despair to hope, and induces her to look to her unknown worshipper as to a messenger sent from above for her protection.

The concerted music in *Ruy Blas* sometimes rises very high, and occasionally borders on the trivial; but that, where the sentiment to be conveyed is deepest, and where the dramatic "stand-point" is most absorbing, Mr. Glover should have been most uniformly successful augurs well for his career as a composer for the theatre. In the most trying situations of the opera, we find dramatic power and musical elevation pretty evenly sustained, with an occasional lapse, which suggests, however, rather the notion of hurried composition than of anything less condonable. Take, as a case in point, the duet with the Queen (Act III.) immediately preceding the ballad, "Could life's dark scene," &c. The opening, for Ruy Blas, is more appropriately a passage for fiddles than for the voice; nor is it in any sense remarkably suggestive; but the rest is perfect from end to end; and one lengthened melodious phrase, first given out by the Queen, to the words, "His tones fall sweetly on mine ear," and then taken up by Ruy Blas, to the words, "Oh, rapturous hour, away with fear," is as exquisite as it is novel. The "ensemble" that follows—for the two voices together (ingeniously constructed on what is technically entitled a "pedal-bass")—is scarcely less engaging. Again, in the vigorous, energetic, and thoroughly dramatic duet between Ruy Blas and Don Sallust, which brings down the curtain somewhat abruptly (in consequence of inattention to the "stage direction" of the libretto, which summons back the council and nobles to take a prominent interest in what is passing) at the end of Act III., one passage alone sinks beneath the admirably effective level of the rest. This is the kneeling petition of Ruy Blas to Don Sallust, on behalf of the unoffending Queen. Here we find the sentiment of the petition not only too hastily expressed, but in a manner almost trenching upon common-place. Another duet, in which the interview between the cousins "De Bazan—" Don Sallust and Don Cesar—is portrayed, displays an excellent comic vein, includes a capital phrase of declamation, where the ragged Don Cesar, while confessing to the mild misdeavour of highway robbery ("taking a purse from o'erstocked wealth," &c.), indignantly refuses to participate in his richly-clad cousin's designs against a woman, and is otherwise telling and spirited. But where concerted music, independent of chorus, is concerned, the most striking scene of the whole—and that precisely in the part which would naturally tax most severely the powers of a composer whose aim is to unite the dramatic with the musical element—is the last. The trio for the Queen, Ruy Blas, and Don Sallust, "Too true were my forebodings," is unquestionably the completest, the most expressive, and the best developed piece in the entire work. The way in which the individuality of Don Sallust is made to stand out from the canvas in this trio, and to contrast with the two "guileless hearts" his machinations have condemned to perdition, is alike poetically conceived and ingeniously accomplished. But the scene is everywhere powerfully wrought, and even the "tremendous header" which Mr. Santley takes over the terrace-balcony—not voluntarily, like Curtius and Mr. Boucicault, but involuntarily, like the victim hurled from the Tarpeian rock—fails in any degree to lessen the interest of the audience in the final issue. The dying apostrophe of Ruy Blas contains a passage—"In heaven we shall meet again"—so tender, so appealing, and marked by such genuine melody, that it seems a pity it should constitute only a fragment of a long concerted piece, instead of being set, like a precious miniature, in a frame exclusively its own. The choral music, of various degrees of pretension, deserves unqualified recognition for the skill with which it is written, and the judicious reticence which renders it amenable to the general effect. The chorus in *Ruy Blas* is not a chorus of moralising and philosophical commentators, as in the Greek tragedies and some more modern instances, nor a chorus of banded revolutionists, as in *Masaniello* and *Guillaume Tell*, nor a chorus of spirits chanting—

"Schwindet, ihr dunkeln  
Wölbungen droben," &c.—

like that with which Mephistopheles sends the unsuspecting Faust to sleep, but a chorus of ingenuous lookers-on, who, when not engaged in marching, dancing, or such like congenial pastimes, are unconscious partners in the dramatic action, upon which they exercise no visible influence. Mr. Glover, nevertheless, by the aid of pure musical talent, has made the choral element appear anything but insignificant. For the introduction to Act I. he has induced the nobles and miscellaneous courtiers to express the little they have to express in cheerful and tuneful strains, a trifle French in colour, but not for that the less attractive. Oscar, the page, too, sings a pleasant ditty, ("Gentlemen, what would you learn?") in response to which the ladies and cavaliers of the palace—eager to know all about the secret of the Prime Minister on the

point of degradation, and all about the cause of the Queen's anger—being "sold" by the malicious myrmidon, express their vexation, chorally, in an appropriately diverting manner. Then, during the same scene—all of which is supposed to take place in an apartment belonging to Don Sallust, who resides in the "Royal Palace"—there is a fête, in the course of which we have a vigorous, and brilliantly instrumental march, together with some delicious ballet-music, a mazurka, and a tarantella (neither legitimately "Spanish," by the way) in the last of which the chorus joins with the liveliest effect. This all forms part of the finale to Act I., in which "Chorus" sings "Hail to the Queen" as heartily, and with as good will, as subsequently in the much more important introduction to Act III.—containing, by the way, a most admirably contrived concerted piece, where the chiefs of the Council, in anticipation of the arrival of Ruy Blas, now Duke of Olmedo and Prime Minister of Spain, give expression to their conflicting political sentiments—it "shouts" in praise of the new favourite and administrator, the supposed Cesare de Bazan. In the finale to the second act, the most elaborate *morceau d'ensemble* of the opera, commencing with a fine sextet for the principal characters, and suffering materially through the omission of the choral protest, "What means this insult to the King of Spain?"—induced by the incident of the Queen's tearing in pieces the laconic epistle of her Royal "betrothed"—struck out (to afford time for the decent celebration of Georgette's nuptials?) after the first performance—the chorus has a more important part to play than elsewhere, and Mr. Glover shows himself fully equal to portray with truth and dramatic effect the conflicting emotions of excited masses. Nowhere has the evident design of the composer been prejudiced more materially than by this important excision.

In the foregoing rapid survey, we have inevitably omitted specifying several pieces (two of the most attractive, indeed—viz. the trio "Beautous lady," where Oscar, afterwards reproached by the rigid and stanch duenna, recites his love verses before the Queen, and the *duettino* between Ruy Blas and his Royal mistress, "She looks on me, she speaks to me," directly preceding the finale—both in the second act); but enough has been adduced to show that, if in *Ruy Blas* we have an opera of unequal merit, almost as full of hasty and unfinished work as of genuine and unquestionable beauties, as under the mark in one place, as it is ripely-considered and masterly in another, we may, at any rate, honestly welcome a comparatively young and a decidedly promising labourer in a field which has hitherto among us been able to boast of very few entirely successful husbandmen—a musician, in short, who affords undeniable evidence, not only of love for his art, but of the rare gift to make it subservient to poetical expression—in sober truth, a new dramatic composer. Mr. Howard Glover did not want *Ruy Blas* to prove to the world that he was an able musician; but it has helped him to address a vaster public than it was ever his lot to address till now; and we are much in error if he has not succeeded in enlisting a more than common interest, if by no other means than the enviable gift of melody, which he undoubtedly possesses. He will, we believe, produce better things than *Ruy Blas*; but he must always—even although, like Auber, he should compose operas till he is nearly eighty—look back with gratitude to *Ruy Blas*, as his earliest passport to the absolutely indispensable sympathy of "the crowd."

We have already hastily glanced at the merits of the execution, and can merely add, at present, that all the performers, vocal and instrumental, strive their utmost to insure success for the new work. Miss Louisa Pyne is "Queen" in a twofold sense—"Queen" in her mimic capacity, and "Queen" in her musically artistic supremacy. She does everything set down for her well, as usual; but her singing of the ballad, "Could life's dark scene," is positively "divine." Her sister, Miss Susan Pyne, is a famous duenna, and the *débutante*, Miss Jessie McLean, a "page" who must think less of her good looks, and more (she has the capacity) of her singing. Let it not be uttered of her, as of the pretty maid in the old song—that "Her face is her fortune," and no more—seeing that she possesses both voice and intelligence. As for Mr. Santley, we can only say of him that he sings the part of Don Sallust as well as Mr. Walter Lacy used to act it—which is almost equivalent to affirming that nobody (which we sincerely believe) could by any possibility sing it better. Mr. Harrison does not, perhaps, give the music of *Ruy Blas* quite as effectively as M. Fechter portrays the character, but he sings it artistically throughout, and if he would never "force" his voice (more especially in the upper tones), there would be little or nothing to criticise. His "mezza voce" is admirable, his delivery always pointed and well-considered, and his acting intelligent, judicious, and full of well-tempered energy. In the little part of Don Cesar, Mr. St. Albyn exhibits his accustomed zeal, and, as always, is "word and note" perfect; while, for the subordinate personages of the drama, it would be difficult to meet with more competent representatives than Messrs. Patey, Lyall, Lemans, Distin, and Wallworth, not

forgetting the always excellent Miss Thirlwall who, though her only song is now cut out, is still charming and engaging as the principal Maid of Honour. The chorus does its work so thoroughly well, as to reflect credit alike on the members of the choir and on the indefatigable Mr. Smythson, their director; the dancing (Mlle. Lamoureux principal) is all that can be desired, and the orchestra, but that they are nearly seventy strong, would deserve being mentioned individually by name, so attentive are they, and so anxious, under the direction of their eminent conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon, to do everything for the success of their compatriot. In short—though a trifle more money might reasonably have been laid out on scenery, costumes, &c.—everything in the musical department has been done that could possibly have been done to insure a permanent success for Mr. Howard Glover's first "grand opera."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Reviews of new music will be resumed next week.

AMATEUR.—In Glaréan's "Dodecachordon."

C. J. (Edinburgh).—Neither the pieces of music of "nine months' since," nor the "enclosed notices" (which were not "enclosed"), have been heard of at the office of the *MUSICAL WORLD*.

W. M. (Belfast).—Next week.

OSCAR KRAHMER.—Received, and will be attended to.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—*Die Hölle selbst hat ihre Rechte?*

A. M.—In the course of a week or two.

JUSTITIA.—*Dormit at nunquam.*

## DEATH.

On the 23rd instant, at the residence of his brother, Parkfield House, Islington, died Antonio Minasi (the well-known flautist), aged 49, after a long and painful illness.

## NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

THE most interesting and exciting topic of conversation in THE Musical World, at this moment, is the announcement of a new composition by Rossini. There is no doubt about the matter. An original and serious work from the pen of the author of *Guillaume Tell* has been written expressly for a certain occasion, and will be shortly heard. A musical solemnity is about to be held in Paris, for the purpose of securing a fund towards the erection of a monument to Cherubini. Rossini has supplied a new *morceau* to be sung at the concert. It is entitled "Le Chant des Titans," and is to be sung by four bass voices in unison. That the composer is not indifferent to the reception his "Song of the Titans" may meet with, we may gather from the following letter, which he addressed to M. Alphonse Royer, director of the Grand Opera, and which appeared in the *Entr' Acte*:

"*Pussy*, Oct. 15. Dear Friend,—In consequence of an application made to me by the Committee of the Society of Concerts of the Conservatoire de Musique, I have obtained the favour of having executed a small vocal piece of my composition, in a concert which is to be given

by the said society for the elevation of a monument in honour of the learned and celebrated Cherubini. I have composed my *morceau* for four bass voices in unison. Its title is 'Le Chant des Titans,' and for the execution I must have four able singers. I ask them from you, who are their directors. Their names are Belval, Cazaux, Faure, Obin—a *perfetta vincenda* (of equal rank). As you will observe, I subscribe them in alphabetical order, to prove to you that I have not forgotten the *convenienze teatrali*. Will you, my dear M. Royer, be kind enough to give me a new mark of your sympathy by requesting these gentlemen, in my name, to lend me their co-operation in the execution of my 'Chant des Titans,' in which there will not be introduced the slightest roulade, or chromatic scale, or trill, or arpeggio. It is a simple chant, of Titanic rhythm, and somewhat out of the common run. A little repetition with me will be all that is necessary. If my health permitted, I would willingly (as it is my duty to do) go to those excellent artists, and, in person, demand the favour which I desire. But, alas! my dear friend, my legs shake as much as my heart palpitates; and that heart in advance testifies to you its warm gratitude—it guides my hand to repeat to you the sentiments of the highest esteem, and the sincere friendship of your affectionate,

"G. ROSSINI, Pianist of the Fourth Class."

At last we are going to have something new from Rossini; something that obtains his own sanction—in which he even declares an interest. The "Song of the Titans" has evidently a purpose, and aims at something beyond the common—"out of the common run," as the letter expresses it. A song delivered by four bass voices in unison, is indeed, *a priori*, out of the common run. Nothing is said about orchestra, chorus, or accompaniments, and the imagination is left to speculate on the manner in which this "simple chant of Titan rhythm" will be constructed. But new or old, founded on the traditional basis, or built on unoccupied ground, the real question everybody puts to himself is, has the light of inspiration been extinguished in the old *maestro*? does a single spark remain from that blaze of intellect which in *Guillaume Tell* dazzled the musical world with its splendour? One spark would suffice, one tiny spark, to fire the magazine of enthusiasm and set our hearts aglow again with ecstasy. Let us, nevertheless, not be too expectant. The sword, however burnished and sharp, if allowed to remain too long in its sheath, must necessarily grow rusty and lose the fineness of its edge. Is not the genius of Rossini that keen and polished blade, which, permitted to rest too long in the scabbard, has lost its brightness, and has no longer the power to penetrate?

Let us hope for the best. Let us fancy the *Chant des Titans* will be every way worthy of the illustrious composer. Why should not Rossini be enabled to write now as well as Meyerbeer, who is about the same age, or as well as Auber, who is considerably older? There is no reason, except that the Italian has given up composing for nearly thirty years, and that the Frenchman and German have never ceased writing at all. If practice makes perfect, the want of it must lead to imperfection. Composition, like every other art, is soon forgotten, and even genius requires a continual stimulus. We may lament that the greatest operatic genius of modern times should have proved himself the *Cincinnatus* of music and laid down the sceptre in the very height of his renown; but we cannot expect that, after abdication and so many years' strict retirement in private life, the power to create the beautiful and the sublime should return when suddenly commanded, and that intellect and knowledge should have lost nothing in the meanwhile.

## To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

THE first thing in M. Rubinstein's opera which favourably impresses the audience, is its fresh local colouring. Just as his songs are indebted for their principal charm to the

manner in which they re-echo Slavonic and Oriental melodies, his opera derives its most refreshing traits from the "running waters" of national music. All the pieces in the *Children of the Heath* which remind us of Slavonian national songs—whether genuine or merely imitations—are fresh, expressive, and at the same time well-defined, in form. They are most of them crowded into the first two acts; and the fact that these were, beyond comparison, better received than the last two, may be attributed to this circumstance. The opening duet is one of the best pieces in the opera; the gentle, light melancholy of the Russian national song being melodically expressed in the words, "Dann heisst's wandern, wie die Andern." Still more dramatic is the employment of the national melody in the next number ("Ein Rösslein, ein feuriges, fliegt durch die Nacht"), which Isbrana sings to herself to divert the attention of the gipsies. Out of this motive the composer develops, also, in a very skilful manner, the trio of the gipsies, which, however, bears a striking resemblance to the C sharp minor movement in the conspirator's scene of *Les Huguenots*. In the second act the national element is still richer and more independent. First, we have the original chorus-like song of the bridesmaids, "Was wünscht zuerst eine junge Braut?" which, with its "Socratic method," contains a certain dash of playful humour. Then we have the dancing-song of the gipsies, graceful despite all its wildness. The waltz-like melody—gliding downwards chromatically for the tenor voices—derives a tumultuous kind of strength from the sharp chords of six guitars and the jangling of the tambourine. Between the separate parts of this said gipsy chorus, the composer has woven the graceful strophes of a marriage-song, sung by a counter-tenor. The following romance (Isbrana's) is a marriage-song of quite a different description. This, also, is accompanied by guitars and tambourines, and interrupted by short and delightfully natural parenthetical bits given by the chorus, which, merely repeating the rhythm, does not aim at being much more than a singing tambourine. The song itself, "Zdenko durch die Haide schritt," with its profoundly sorrowful character and genuine national treatment, struck me as being the most important piece in the opera. A genial touch, taking one quite by surprise, is that in the conclusion, when Isbrana, tortured as she is, and unable any longer to conceal her feelings, exclaims—after the words, "Tanzet, singet, trinket!"—"Ach, ich arme!" This violent convulsive effort, so indicative of deep grief, after a daring commencement upon the major ninth, sinks mournfully into the major triad, and overspreads, as if with a sudden glistening of flame, the piece which ensues and is conducted throughout in the minor key.

I have begun by directing attention to these highly-coloured pieces as the most favourable specimens of the opera, for each separate one affords evidence of intense musical talent and no ordinary dramatic feeling. But when these have been named the more agreeable part of my task is over. Any one, after hearing the above brilliant specimens, would have supposed that Rubinstein's music would increase in dramatic power, according to the importance of the situation. But such is not at all the case; the composer does not rise with the situation. When the nationally popular "genre-painting" ends, we perceive his power beginning to halt. Two particularly striking instances of this are his treatment of the love-scene and of the finale. It would naturally be supposed that, in the first, the composer would display all the depth and tenderness of his nature, and in the last the highest and most nervous dramatic energy; but both these expectations have been disappointed. The

scenes of gentleness are either strikingly cool and flat, or visibly strained. Immediately that Rubinstein has no longer to do with Russians and gipsies, but simply with *human beings*, who support in silence the secrets of their heart, his music is deficient in vivifying strength. In the very first duet between Wanja and the gipsy-maid, we miss the warmth of real love, the absence of which cannot be compensated for by a few high chest-notes and brilliant violin-passages. The love-duets, also, between the Count and Marie are dull, cold, and deficient in feeling. Although in the first one (that in F major) the melody "Dachtest du meiner" breathes out a sort of effeminate sentimentality, the duet of the lovers in the third act—a duet which ought to soar wildly upwards on the wings of passion—is tame and inexpressive. In Marie's two monodies (we cannot call them "airs"), the composer has evidently striven faithfully to echo the poetical feeling of the words; but the connecting thread is so often violently snapped in twain, a mere transient touch of feeling is worked up with such manifest artificiality, that the hearer is never allowed sufficient rest to collect his scattered thoughts. What is true of the part of the Count holds good of the parts of Wanja and Conrad as well. The melodic stream flows very scantily, so that we thankfully and gladly welcome even short and by no means important cantilenas, such as, "Ich weiss, dein Herz ist frei von Sünd;" "Mit mir zieh'st du dahin," &c.

All this might induce a person to believe that the portrayal of gentle love and sensitiveness was not Rubinstein's strong point, but that the latter was decidedly displayed in situations requiring energy. The mode, however, in which Rubinstein has treated the very climax of the drama—the active co-operation of the masses in the finale—does not allow us to adopt this theory. In the finale we cannot detect much more than the disorderly movements of a rude crowd surging to and fro by fits and starts.

What a fine opportunity was afforded the composer, for example, at the conclusion of the third act, where the peasants and gipsies threaten each other, until, in the end, the latter set Wanja free! But what has Rubenstein made of it, save a scene of confused, tumultuous noise? The choruses of the gipsies, with the exception of the Marriage-Chorus, are rude and wild, not in an aesthetical and characteristic, but in a musical sense. How strained and jagged is their chorus, "Rasch ans Werk!" (Quick! to our task)—despite of which exhortation they virtually do nothing at all! How flat and—to speak the truth—ugly, is the introduction of the fourth act by means of the drinking-song! Of the more important concerted pieces, there is only the quartet with chorus, in B flat major, "Wass fasst mich ar," which Rubinstein has treated with clearness and genuine effect. With this exception, only an absence of effect in the very pieces in which he has heaped up all the resources of characterisation and mere sound are perceptible. Richard Wagner designates "Effect" as "Result without a Cause;" but we should say that the *Children of the Heath* suffers rather from "All sorts of Causes without Result." In the third act only one number satisfies: this was the very clever Letter-Trio. The concluding act is fearfully slow, even in a purely musical light. One single pearl shines in it, namely, Isbrana's highly dramatic exclamation, "Wer ist's, der in Elend dich gebracht? Sie!"

In addition to the defects of invention and musical form—the latter being frequently disconnected, obscure, and made up, as it were, of shreds and patches, from the frequent change of key—an inappropriate system of instrumentation, also, is highly injurious to the work. The accompaniment of the

vocal parts is expressionless, because immoderately entrusted to the lower notes of the stringed instruments, without sufficient relief being afforded by the wind-instruments, or crushes the singers by excessive and restless figuration.

I would willingly have directed attention to other interesting points, but this notice has already extended too far to allow me to go more deeply into details—on the present occasion at least. To the question—How is it that a man of talent, like Rubinstein, could ever compose an opera which, side by side with such pieces as those at first mentioned, drags in so much that is insignificant, preposterous, and wearisome?—only an individual answer can be given. The result is to be accounted for by the composer's uncritical, hurried productivity. Had he written *The Children of the Heath* with that deliberate calm which does not note down and retain all that flows from the pen; had he worked two years at his opera, and then put it by in his desk for two years longer, instead of throwing the whole work off in a summer month or two, and giving it out ere the last page was dry, I am almost persuaded that it would have occupied in operatic literature a place which—cannot possibly be claimed for it now.

The performance itself is one of the most successful of the Imperial Opera House. Mad. Csillag plays and sings the part of Isbrana, which is especially suited to her artistic individuality, with wonderful power and steadiness. In the character of Wanja, Herr Ander has rather a repugnant problem to solve, and is therefore entitled to particular praise for acquitting himself so well. Mles. Krauss and Weiss, Herren Walter, Mayerhofer, Koch, Lay, and Hrabanek worthily support the above-named artists. Herr Dessoff deserves especial praise for the precision which distinguishes the entire performance, and for the devoted zeal with which, as conductor, he must have directed the rehearsals. The revival of *The Children of the Heath* is looked forward to this winter with almost as much anxiety as the first performance of Herr Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*.

H. H.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—My attention having been called to a paragraph which has appeared in your journal, and in several other papers, that an intention is entertained by the profession to which I have the honour to belong, and amateurs, to present me with a testimonial; and not knowing the promoters of it, I would, whilst thanking them for their kind intentions through the medium of your valuable columns, beg of the promoters to abstain from proceeding with such expression of their feelings towards me, not wishing to impose on the kindness of any one. I have already received, in the esteem and respect which the profession, amateurs, and public in general have bestowed on me for many years, a testimonial which is to me the utmost I could wish for; and as long as such esteem and respect is continued, I can desire no other or higher testimonial.—I am, &c.

M. COSTA.

59, Eccleston Square, Oct. 30, 1861.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Howard Glover's new opera is still the standard attraction, and promises to continue so for some time. It has indeed now laid hold on the public, as the nightly increasing audiences testify. The little French operetta of M. Victor Massé, *Georgette*, since the opening night has served as a *lever de rideau* to *Ruy Blas*.

MEYERBEER AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—At the coronation of the King of Prussia, at Koenigsberg, his Majesty created a new Order, called "Den Kronen Orden," and bestowed upon the renowned composer of the *Hugenots* one of the Second Class, WITH THE STAR.

MR. BEALE, the well-known pianist, gave an evening concert, on Monday, in the New Vestry Hall, Chelsea, assisted by Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Palmer Lisle, Miss Ransford, Mr. Ransford, Mr. George Tedder, and Signor Regondi. The audience were liberal in their applause, especially after Ascher's new song, "Alice where art thou," and the "Death of Nelson," both capitally sung by Mr. George Tedder. The pianoforte solos of Mr. Beale, and the concertina performance of Signor Regondi, were much admired, as well as the singing of the Misses Ransford and Lisle and Mr. Ransford. Mr. Alfred Beale and Mr. H. Stafford Trego were engaged as accompanists.

Mlle. PATTI IN DUBLIN.—The engagement of Mlle. Patti at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, commenced on Tuesday last, Oct. 29. The opera selected for this her first appearance in Ireland was, as a matter of course, *Sonnambula*, being that in which she is more completely successful than any other. Her reception was most enthusiastic, and the applause throughout the evening frequent and discriminating. Indeed, the galleries were so much on the *qui vive* that they even forgot to be noisy, and exhibited a stern determination to judge the performance strictly according to its merits. To say that Mlle. Patti took the audience by surprise, or made the same extraordinary impression as upon the occasion of her first appearance in London, would not be correct. Enough that she did not disappoint, if she did not quite realise, the expectations which had been formed of her vocal powers by the Dublin public. Her juvenile appearance—her execution of staccato passages—her coquettish acting and by-play had already been anticipated by the Dublin press, and did not therefore so astonish the audience by their novelty and freshness as was the case at Covent Garden Theatre. A great desire to see and hear the new soprano was manifested throughout all classes of the Dublin public, who crowded the house in every part to overflowing. Mlle. Patti was greatly applauded in the rondo finale, which is spoken of in the "Freeman's Journal" as "a marvellous instance of natural vocal power and immense artistic accomplishment splendidly combined." She was recalled after the opera, and received the usual honours accorded to a successful Amina. The company engaged to support Mlle. Patti in Dublin includes Signor Galvani (tenor); Mlle. Sedlazeck; Signors Cima (a baritone, of American repute), Manfredi (basso), Annoni, Kinni, Galli, &c. &c. The operas are announced in the following order:—Tuesday, Oct. 29th, *Sonnambula*; Thursday, Oct. 31st, *La Traviata*; Saturday, Nov. 2nd, *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Monday, Nov. 4th, *Il Barbier*; Wednesday, Nov. 6th, *Don Giovanni*; Saturday, Nov. 9th, *Marta*. Thus the Dublin public will have an opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves Mlle. Patti in each of those operas, her performance of which created such a *furore* in London.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Monday night Mr. E. T. Smith opened his large house for the season, and "Her Majesty's servants" played Shakespeare's tragedy of *Othello*, Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke appearing as the principal character, after an absence of eight years, during which he has gained high honours in the Australian colonies. The acclamations with which he was received, and the applause bestowed on lines uttered with more than usual emphasis showed that an Othello of the old school can still command a body of admirers. Mr. Brooke's style of acting, and the use he makes of a naturally sonorous voice, are so familiar to all but very young playgoers that a minute analysis of his interpretation would be somewhat superfluous. He returns home in very good case, he makes his points, not only with great force, but with much deliberation, and is altogether the reverse of a non-traditional Othello. Moreover, he has a commanding figure, is earnest even to solemnity, and is, in a word, just the sort of "noble Moor" that many people have been taught to regard as the *beau ideal*. Without being condemned to feel their old notions violently uprooted, or to bury prejudices in unwelcome oblivion, the London public may see the tragedy move along in its old track, wishing at the same time that there was a little more liveliness in the Cassio, and a little more astuteness in the Iago. But there are in Mr.

Brooke the elements of a permanent popularity, and he is pretty certain of a class of admirers willing to overlook minor considerations.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Mr. F. Robson appeared on Monday night for the first time since his recovery, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. The piece in which he played was a farce of the *Wandering Minstrel* school—that is to say, it exhibited a character in low life, with the least possible incumbrance in the shape of a plot. Mr. Slush, an out-door clerk, in the employ of a sharp agency firm, has been instructed to serve one Mr. Lissom Grove with a notice of ejectment. As his memory is short, and the memorandum paper he carries about with him has been torn by accident, he calls, indeed, upon Lissom Grove, but cannot bring to his mind the object of his visit. Mr. Grove, who expects that a suitor to his daughter will appear under an assumed name, concludes that the stammering, confused figure before him is the person in question. He accordingly gives him a hearty welcome, feasts him, toasts him, calls upon him for a song—in short, pays him every sort of attention, until—but why dwell on the story, when the only object of the piece is to show a ridiculous, shabby man in a drawing-room, placed under circumstances that elicit all his absurdities? Mr. Robson in this position is inimitable. He has an impediment in his speech, compounded of lisp and snuffle; his mind hovers between obstinate stupidity and vulgar cunning, and he can overflow on occasion with publichouse sentimentality. An old country song which he sings in his assumed voice complements his personations, and a hearty roar accompanies his performance throughout.

#### MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

THE operas in which Mr. Swift appeared with Mad. Grisi in Plymouth last week, were *Trovatore* and *Norma*. It must be attributable to the fact of his not having been heard in music to which his voice and style are adapted, that Mr. Swift has not taken a more prominent position before the London public. Tenors of his ability are rare. He possesses, in no ordinary degree, all the qualifications requisite for a popular singer. Voice, style, figure and appearance, are unquestionably in his favour. Objection might, perhaps, be made to a slight guttural quality in his voice, in the medium register; but this is not always apparent, and could be, with a little care, altogether overcome. With this exception, Mr. Swift sings charmingly. That he is completely successful when heard in music suited to him was most indisputably proved on the two occasions in question. He acquitted himself, as Manrico in particular, admirably, and was immensely and deservedly applauded.

The route taken by the party, and the performances they have given during this week, have been—Oct. 28, Exeter, morning concert; Oct. 29, Cheltenham, evening concert; Oct. 30, Wolverhampton, *Don Giovanni*, at the Theatre Royal; Oct. 31, Birmingham, *Norma* and the last scene of *Sonambula*, at the Theatre Royal; Nov. 1, Birmingham, *Don Giovanni*; Nov. 2, Leamington, morning concert. The programmes of the concerts were strengthened by the band and chorus under Signor Vianesi's direction, and gave great satisfaction. Mad. Grisi sang "Casta Diva," and took part in the selections from *Trovatore* and *Lucrezia*. Signor Aspa has gained much in self-possession since his first appearance at Bath. He has an agreeable voice, and is a very pleasant concert-singer.

*Don Giovanni* at Wolverhampton was a most ambitious attempt, which the frequenters of the pit and gallery evidently did not appreciate. Whether Italian opera be not according to their taste, or whether the "wonderful Grisi," as was placarded all over the town, had no attraction for them, matters not; they evinced their indifference to both by leaving their usual haunts very thinly attended. The dress-circle and boxes were crowded with all the fashion of the neighbourhood, who came to witness the curiosity of *Don Giovanni* being given in its integrity, with an efficient band and chorus, in the capital of the "Black Country." Such a performance has perhaps never before been seen in this particular Theatre Royal, and it will probably be a very long time ere it is repeated.

At Birmingham the greatest interest was taken in the last appearances of the "Diva." The house was crowded to the ceiling on both nights.

#### LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.\*

No. 6.

(See MUSICAL WORLD, Oct. 26.)

London, July 22.

SPEAKING of the concerts, it will not do omit the *old Philharmonic Society*, now that we have spoken of the "*New*." A famous lighthouse in the distance has that been for many a bygone year to the poor Yankee all afloat in vague, unsatisfied musical wants, and longing for such *terra firma*, as he reads in English journals of those "*Philharmonic*" feasts, with their two whole symphonies each night, their concertos, overtures, and extracts from great operas by great singers. The old Society played an important and most useful part in its day, and great was the prestige thereof, year after year, and decade after decade, while it stood (to speakers of the English tongue) alone in its glory. It has had symphonies composed for it by some of the greatest masters in music; the *Dii majores* of the German Olympus have courted inspiration to its order, and some of their best things have been first produced before a public in its halls. But now, since rival organisations have sprung up—one, two, perhaps we should say three; now that the "*New Philharmonic*" has hardened into bone and sinew by annual persistency, and the young "*Musical Society of London*" takes such formidable strides (many say that its orchestra is the best of all—I have not been to one of its concerts, but only to its very sociable and pleasant and aesthetic "*Conversations*"); now that there is a "*Musical Art Union*," too, which has its orchestra, and which plays Schumann as well as "the old fogies," thus having an eye, shrewdly or not, to "the Future," it is no longer the *Philharmonic* by the undivided vote, and enjoys the distinction of being (among the critics of the Press) the best abused Society in London. Yet, certainly, to judge from its last concert, that of June 24, it seems to hold its own quite well. The only thing about it which I could have wished much better was the rather small and gloomy looking hall in which it was held. Hanover Square Rooms are fashionable, and have, perhaps, to the *habitués*, a charm, in that the scent of the roses (of past musical banquets) lingers there still; but they are not to be compared for light and beauty to St. James Hall, and cannot hold half as many people as the Boston Music Hall. There was no sign of flagging interest; on the contrary, an eager audience, crowding the room to the doors; a fashionable one, too, for is not the Society "under the immediate patronage of her Majesty and of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort?" The programme was a fine one, made up of things that can never cease to be good, if it did lack the interest of novelty; the conductor was no less a person than "Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.;" the performances were all of sterling merit; and a venerable coryphaeus among classical pianists and composers, on a visit from Germany among the scenes and comrades of his old labours, had come to pay a tribute to the old Society, in which he had played a distinguished part, by performing one of his most important compositions, as well as to receive a most enthusiastic tribute in return—and this, perhaps, was one chief secret of the eager crowd that night. For the programme, here it is:—

PART I.—Sinfonia ("La Reine de France"), Haydn. Aria, "Bel raggio" (*Semiramide*), Signora Guerrabell, Rossini. Concerto, violin, Herr Strauss, Beethoven. Recit. and Aria, "La Dea di tutti i cor," "Balle adorata incognita" (*Il Giuramento*), Mr. Tenant, Mercadante. Concerto in G minor, pianoforte, M. Moscheles, Moscheles.

PART II.—Sinfonia in C minor, Beethoven. Duetto, "La ci darrem" (*Don Giovanni*), Signora Guerrabell and Signor Steller, Mozart. Overture (*Jubilee*), Weber.

The symphonies were finely played; although the glorious C minor was certainly not up to the incomparable performance of it which I had heard at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. Beethoven's great violin concerto would be a capital feature in any concert. The execution was rather too mechanical, but firm, accurate, and true; the player's two cadenzas were more elaborate than happy. The singing does not leave a vivid impression; so that it was probably neither very bad nor very good. Naturally the climax of interest with the audience was the appearance of the veteran Moscheles.

\* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.

It is sixteen years since he assumed his present important post in the Conservatorium at Leipzig, after a residence of more than a quarter of a century in London, where he had done much for the Philharmonic Society, much to build up a sound classical taste in England. His influence upon the whole history of pianoforte music, since the time of Beethoven, has been perhaps as great as that of any man. While he has been one of the foremost interpreters of Beethoven, while he has composed concertos, sonatas, "Hommage à Handel," and such solid things, he is also called with truth the real originator of the "bravura" or "fantasia" style, which has run away with so many famous virtuosos, and run out, leaving their fame nothing lasting to repose on,—nothing like, for instance, this concerto in G minor, in the interpretation of which the old master seemed that evening to renew his youth. Certainly the beauty and perfection of his playing were astonishing, and might have been the despair of many a younger virtuoso of the highest pretensions; not that the thing was mechanically as whole as it might once have been; that there were no threadbare places; that nerve and muscle quite kept pace with clear conception, and never dropped a note. But in elegance and fitness of expression, in all the lights and shades, in the lending of exquisite point and finish to the least details, so as to make all significant, it was wonderful; and there was an animating life and spirit in the whole, as if we had the master in one of his best hours. The composition, indeed, was not that of a Beethoven, a Mozart, a Mendelssohn, or a Chopin, in point of imaginative genius; the orchestra played but a secondary and comparatively uninteresting part in it; yet it had great beauties, and was a work worthy of a place in a Philharmonic concert. The old man is still young in his musical enthusiasm; still the kind friend and adviser of young men who have the will and talent to be artists; still active in composing. He, too, has been full of Bach of late, and played to me in Leipzig quite a number of pieces for two pianos (with his daughter), in which he had been marrying a modern piano part, sometimes a melody, sometimes in *concertante* character, to preludes from the "well-tempered clavichord." One may condemn the match-making, but he could hardly deny the beauty and the harmony of the result, at least in several instances. May I recall, too, here the satisfaction of a private reading which he gave to me one morning of several of the sonatas of Beethoven? They were played with the heart and with the understanding, you may be quite sure.

The old "Philharmonic," thanks in great degree to Professor Bennett, seems to be lifting up its head, and is already preparing to make a great point twelve months hence. "It is intended," says the programme, "to mark the year 1862 as a peculiar epoch in the annals of the Philharmonic Society, that year being its *fiftieth anniversary*. The jubilee will be distinguished by offering to the subscribers, after the eighth concert, a complimentary concert, to be held in a locality adapted to the performance, on a large scale, of the colossal works written expressly for the Society by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers. Stern-dale Bennett, at the request of the Society, will compose a large work for the occasion.

At the second concert of the Musical Art Union — also in Hanover Square Rooms — I arrived too late for what to me would have been the greatest novelty of the programme — a "revival" the critics call it — the overture, or *Suite de pièces* for orchestra, in D, by J. S. Bach; too late for "Batti, batti" sung by a Signorina who might fill as large a frame as Alboni; and even too late for the first bars of a concerto in A minor (Op. 54) by Robert Schumann, in which the prominent part (pianoforte) was very finely played by Herr Pauer. The work is rich in ideas, and interesting to the end. Schumann first wrote it during the year following his marriage, as a fantasia for piano and orchestra, for his wife to play, and it was printed. In 1845, when settled at Dresden, he extended it into the present concerto, and dedicated it to Ferdinand Hiller. It was first performed in public by Mad. Schumann that same year, and has been played once by her in London, in 1856, the year of her first visit to England, at one of the new Philharmonic Concerts. After another song by Mlle. Parepa (an air from Auber's *Serment*), the concert closed with a worthy climax to the two fine things already given, by an admirable performance of Beethoven's seventh Symphony only; there

was now and then a rudeness on the part of drums or trumpets in overdoing an emphatic phrase. The orchestra numbered about forty of the viol family, and was well conducted by Herr Klindworth. In its third and last concert the Union had a chorus, and performed Cherubini's *Requiem* and Gade's "Erl King." I was not able to be present.

So much for the orchestral societies. And now for something, more sheltered in a sort of semi-privacy, something in which benevolence conspired with Art, something very choice, and fashionable (though how does that agree with privacy?). The object was to aid the "Society of Female Artists;" the place was Dudley House, "by the obliging permission of the Earl of Dudley," known in the musical world hitherto as Lord Ward; the company, some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen of the distinguished classes, were closely packed in two large rooms (the ball-room and the picture gallery) of the aforesaid mansion. The artists and the programme were as follows :—

PART I.—Duo, Theme and Variations, Piano and Violoncello, Messrs. Goldschmidt and Piatti, Mendelssohn. Air, "Without the swain's" (*Susanna*), Mad. Goldschmidt, Handel. Romanza, "M' apparì tutt' amor" (*Martha*), Signor Giuglini, Flotow. a. Ave Maria of Schubert, transcribed for the Violoncello; b. Tarantella, Violoncello, Signor Piatti, Piatti. Rondo for voice and violin obbligato, from *Il re Pastore*, Mad. Goldschmidt and Herr Deichmann, Mozart.

PART II.—Duet, "Son geloso" (*La Sonnambula*), Mad. Goldschmidt and Signor Giuglini, Bellini. a. Romanza (*Don Pasquale*); b. "Bravo, bravo! il mio Belcore!" (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), Signor Belletti; Donizetti. Gavotte and Musette (dances) and allegro, pianoforte, M. Goldschmidt, J. S. Bach. Trio, "Fatal momento" (*Robert le Diable*), Mad. Goldschmidt, Signori Belletti and Giuglini, Meyerbeer. Cradle-song, violin, Herr Deichmann, Weber. a. "John Anderson, my Jo," Scotch ballad; b. Echo Song, Norwegian melody, Mad. Goldschmidt.

It was, in fact, "Jenny Lind's" concert. The great songstress had chosen this occasion to make renewed trial of her powers before a public for the first time after a long seclusion. And the result was so satisfactory as to inspire a general wish, amounting almost to a hope, that she may yet resume her throne as Queen of Song; for surely there is no one who could dispute it with her; no one who could radiate or rather vibrate a purer and more quickening influence from that tuneful eminence. Ten years, of course, with their domestic duties, have not left the outward person wholly unchanged; but the same soul, ever young, lit up the voice in song; as she sang on she became the Muse, as formerly. When she began, I thought the voice had grown a little worn and hard (it always had to struggle for a moment through a slight veil; but its intrinsic richness and all-conquering beauty made it the more interesting on that account). And so now all doubt of that sort vanished as she went on, and that pensive, moralising strain of Handel sank most deeply and most musically into the listening sense and soul. In the Mozart rondo all the old brilliancy and triumph of execution, voice vying with instrument, and adding the grace of soul to every passage, was completely felt. And there was the same warmth and tenderness, the same lyric fervour and chaste pathos in the Bellini duet and the trio from *Robert*. I heard but one remark on all sides — and the critics echoed it the next day, even the sceptical ones of old — to wit: that the great singer never seemed in better, fresher voice, never in fuller possession of her powers, and that she never sang better in her life. I would hardly dare to assert all this, charmed as I was with all the rest, for genius has a way always of making you grant all and more too. Genius, after all, is the main thing, and, having that, "all these things shall be added;" that is to say, feeling the genius, the soul, the artist's real "righteousness," you forget to miss or measure what may possibly be wanting; and that is heaven's economy, which lets us enjoy the heart of the matter, and saves us the slow pain of criticism, and, Ariel-like, eludes its dulness.

A glance at the programme will show how harmoniously and worthily the accessories were grouped about the central attraction of the concert. M. Goldschmidt played the variations by Mendelssohn, and those dainty things of Bach, with true artistic feeling and precision. The 'cello and the violin were admirable. Giuglini is one of the most pleasing of the tenor singers; and our readers know already what Belletti is, since he is all he was. A word only of the conclusion, the two old songs in which Mad. Goldschmidt used to be so popular, "John Anderson," and the

Norwegian herdsman's "Echo." Here she seemed more than ever herself. The simple, searching pathos of the one, the mountain air, elasticity, and freshness of the other, revived completely the old charm. Musically, these are hackneyed, unconsidered trifles; but, with such a singer, they become alive and full of meaning. One could not help thinking of Mendelssohn's "Nightingale" in the part song,

"The nightingale has been away,  
But spring again invites her;  
She has not learned another lay,  
*Her old song still delights her.*"

The last line applies better than the third one; for this nightingale learns all new lays, when they are worth the learning.

D.

### Letters to the Editor.

#### MEYERBEER'S BIRTHDAY.

I SAW, last Saturday evening (19th ult.), the MUSICAL WORLD, and can tell you correct when the great composer, Meyerbeer, is born, if you like to announce in your next Number following lines:—

The popular question of the day, how old is Meyerbeer? which has long been the popular exclamation, I am able to tell out my last selected collection of Biographies of distinguished Musicians. Giacomo Meyerbeer, the son of the late rich banker, Beer, is born at Berlin, October 1791. G. also reached, last Sunday week, his 70th year. G. M. appeared at first in Public in his 9th year, as an talented Pianist, &c.

A. H.

#### MISS ALICE PHILLIPS.

SIR,—Having read in your MUSICAL WORLD of to-day another portion of a letter from an American, in which he classes various singers that might have been heard lately in London, he mentions amongst the contralti, "Miss Adelaide Phillips (has not sung)"—of course, he means in London. It is evidently an error. He means, no doubt, my daughter, Miss Alice Phillips, who has appeared in the North, and in Birmingham, Oxford, &c., but not yet in London, being in my estimation too young, only seventeen, yet still possessing a remarkably fine and deep contralto, and I hope sufficient talent to perpetuate my name in the musical world—I mean in its literal sense—as well as deserving the good opinion of your valuable columns whenever she may venture to bring forth your notice.—I am, &c.

HENRY PHILLIPS.

Edgbaston, 19th October, 1861.

### Provincial.

The following is from a York paper:—

On Tuesday evening the York Minster Musical Society gave its first concert of chamber music for the present season, in the De Grey Rooms, before a fashionable assemblage. The society is perhaps one of the most interesting musical unions in connection with this city, as it brings together an able body of well-trained local talent, who are in the habit of constantly practising together, and are thus rendered pre-eminently qualified for the performance of that class of chamber music which is seldom the subject of an evening's entertainment in York. The society does not merely rest on the compositions of modern date, but it brings out the national songs, glee, and madrigals of a bygone age, whose vivacity and unfading beauties are not surpassed if equalled by more recent productions. During the recess the choir have certainly not retrograded; and on the present occasion, under the conductorship of Dr. Monk, they exhibited a proficiency alike creditable to themselves and to their tutor. The chief attraction, however, was the presence of Mr. Walter Macfarren. In the first part of the concert he performed on the pianoforte one of Beethoven's grand sonatas (in A<sup>b</sup> major, Op. 26) with consummate skill. For a lengthened period never have a York audience had an opportunity of hearing such an exhibition of pianoforte playing, each movement of the sonata being rendered with a grace of style, ease, and truthful conception, denoting the accomplished performer and scholar. In the second part Mr. Macfarren and Dr. Monk played a duet—fantasia in F minor (No. 29) by Mozart, which, though extremely difficult, was exceedingly well ren-

dered. Shortly afterwards Mr. Macfarren favoured his audience with a mazurka and "saltarello" of his own composition, when he again delighted the auditory by his marvellous skill. At the conclusion of the "saltarello" he gracefully acknowledged the warm applause with which he was greeted by repeating the piece. The entertainment concluded shortly after ten o'clock.

The Philharmonic Hall on Monday last presented an unusually brilliant aspect, the feature being the appearance of Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt in the *Creation* with Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor Belletti. Of the performance we extract the following account from the *Liverpool Times*:—

Much interest was evinced by many who had heard Jenny Lind in former years, as to whether her voice could have retained the perfect intonation, intense expression, and brilliant execution that then characterised it. Before the termination of the first part all were satisfied that her voice has lost nothing of its charm and dramatic power. The audience, indeed, were soon lost in admiration of her grand and brilliant vocalisation, and the clearness and ease with which she gave the C in alt was very effective. Her rendering of the air, "With verdure clad," was beautiful and expressive. Her greatest effect was however in "On mighty pens," and in this she exhibited the great natural power and artistic cultivation of her voice to perfection. Her singing was also excellent in the trios, "Most beautiful appear," and "On thee each living soul awaits," sung with Sims Reeves and Belletti, and the trio and chorus, "The Lord is great." In the duets, "By thee with bliss," and "Graceful Consort," Mad. Goldschmidt threw immense energy and intensity of expression, and her singing was brilliant in the extreme. Mr. Sims Reeves especially distinguished himself in the beautiful air, "In native worth," which he executed with the finest effect; and Signor Belletti was highly effective, and his execution good. His singing of the fine descriptive air, "Rolling in foaming billows" was exceedingly fine; as also the air, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone." The band and chorus were splendid, and all the choruses were taken with great precision. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt acted as conductor, and wielded the baton with much ability and skill.

"Tours" in the provinces are in the ascendant. The following communication from an occasional correspondent relates to one which is likely to prove interesting and profitable:—

"After an absence of more than twenty-five years, during which time almost every habitable portion of the globe has been visited, M. Ole Bull once more returns only to set out on his long-promised tour through England, Ireland, and Scotland, assisted by Mlle. Anna Whitty, Mrs. Tennant, Herr Formes (his first appearance in the provinces these five years), Mr. E. Berger, conductor, and Mr. Tennant, the popular tenor, under whose management the enterprise has been planned and all its details completed. From a list of towns now before us, at which engagements have been effected, extending over a period of seven weeks, we may congratulate M. Ole Bull on having secured the service of a gentleman so well known for his tact and capacity in such matters. About the vocalists composing the party a few words may be added. Mlle. Anna Whitty (soprano) has just returned from a successful engagement at the Dublin Theatre Royal, where she fairly merited the "ovation" with which she was honoured. Mrs. Tennant, of whom report speaks most favourably, is, we believe, a sister of Mr. Sims Reeves, and a pupil of Mad. Ferrari. She accompanies the party as contralto. Mr. Tennant, already well known in the provinces, has by his singing at the Philharmonic, Monday Popular, and most other important entertainments, is accepted as one of the most competent artists of the London concert-room. We need only add that the bass is Herr Formes, to show how strong the party is in that especial department. Of the extraordinary career of M. Ole Bull, a volume might be written. Contemporaneous of Paganini, he visited America shortly after the death of that famous "virtuoso," and there earned a renown that spread from one end of the new world to the other. The sensation he produced during the past season is of too recent occurrence to need dwelling on. All, indeed, promises well for this tour."

The following is the intended route:—

4th Nov., Brighton; 5th, Hastings; 6th, Chatham; 7th, Portsea; 8th, Salisbury; 9th, Crystal Palace; 11th, Cheltenham; 12th, Derby; 13th, Sheffield; 14th, Bradford; 15th, Liverpool; 16th, Manchester; 18th, Enniskillen; 19th, Sligo; 20th, Londonderry and Coleraine; 21st, 22nd, Belfast (Classical Harmonists); 23rd Dublin; 25th, Shrewsbury (the Philharmonic); 26th, Leicester; 27th, Nottingham; 28th, Burton; 29th, Birmingham (the Amateur Philharmonic Society); 30th, Crystal Palace. 2nd Dec., Barnstaple; 3rd, Plymouth; 4th, Devonport; 5th, Torquay; 6th, Exeter; 7th, Bath; 9th, Leeds; 10th, Preston; 11th, Greenock; 12th, Edinburgh; 13th, Glasgow; 14th, Edinburgh; 15th, Paisley; 16th, Ayr; 17th, Dumfries; 18th, Manchester.

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